

EVP VOICES

The strange events which I am about to record to writing began for me in the first days of January, 2015. It was at this time that I was in the midst of a growing fascination with the field of paranormal research. I had at previous times throughout my adult life, been interested in this topic, but this was the first time that I had committed myself to actively pursuing this interest. For myself, this active pursuit came in the form of experimenting with EVP or the Electronic Voice Phenomenon. I began my active experimentation with EVP in the first week of January, 2015. I conducted my recording sessions primarily in a spare room in my home in a quiet suburb outside of Atlantic City, New Jersey. My initial EVP sessions were simple enough in nature. I asked probably the most common and basic questions that paranormal investigators ask: "Is there anyone there?" "Are there any spirits present that would like to communicate", etc....etc... I was a bit disappointed, but I cannot say all that surprised when my review of my initial recordings yielded no results. Yet I pushed forward with my attempts at spirit communication. I had recently read in an online article about EVP, that it was common for experimenters not to achieve successful results for quite some time, so I was determined not to be too impatient with this and give up too quickly. About a week into my experimentation, I did capture what I believed to be something interesting in one of my recordings. Being that I am writing this almost a year after these initial events, I do not remember the exact questions that I had asked during this particular EVP session, I only remember that it was something

along the lines of the same basic questions that I had been asking. When I went back and reviewed the recording that I had made on this particular day, I noticed that immediately following a question that I had asked, there was something there on the recording, right after I had finished asking my question, almost as if it were indeed a response. It is hard to describe with words what I had captured on this recording. I can't say with certainty that it was a word, a sentence, or any type of speech in fact. It was more like a strange distorted sound. It was almost as if there was something briefly being spoken but it was being spoken far too quickly for me to discern what was being said. I went back and listened to this recording several times. I never could determine if there was any type of speech there, but the strange distorted noise that I heard was enough to reinforce my interest in what I was doing. In a sense, however small, this was my first taste of a successful EVP capture and it only served to inspire me to push on further.

2.

Saturday, January 17, 2015, was a day that would forever change my life. That morning, I was busy doing ordinarily chores around the house. As I did my chores, I remember that I was playing my stereo. That afternoon, after I had finished my cleaning up around the house, I did a quick EVP session. I remember that in this particular session, I asked, something along the lines of " "If there are any spirits present in this room, do you mind when I play music around the house?...did you like the music I was playing this morning?

I didn't spend a lot of time on that recording session, because quite frankly, I didn't believe that I would hear any responses to my questions when I went back to listen. I had been doing recording session for two weeks now, and aside from that mysterious noise that I had captured earlier (which was by no means any type of proof) I had basically just been recording my own voice and a lot of silence. I wrapped up this recording session rather quickly then went back and had a listen. To my utter amazement, I was certain that this time, I had indeed captured something. Right after I asked my question: "did you like the music that I was playing earlier?" I heard, in a whispery, yet clear voice the reply "No" I listened to the recording over and over, there was no doubt about it. There was indeed a voice there, responding to my question, and though it was just a brief single word, there was no denying that it was indeed a response to my question. At this moment, I was hit with a variety of emotions. I was utterly amazed, shocked and surprised. This was real, I thought to myself. This is actually real. Spirits do exist. Though I had long been interested in this subject, and of course, I always liked to think that there was indeed something to it all, to actually experience real proof of the paranormal is a life changing event. In the days that followed this EVP capture, what I now considered to be my first real capture. I uploaded the recording from my digital recorder onto my computer and submitted it to a few paranormal websites where people would submit their own evidence of the paranormal to get the feedback of others who were also interested in this area of study. After a few days went by, I began to receive responses from others who had listened to my

recording. The feedback was overwhelmingly positive. Others who listened to my recording from that Saturday afternoon were hearing the same thing that I did. In fact, one person in particular, who had years of experience with recording EVPs and who utilized audio filtering equipment, informed me that there were in fact more EVPs on my recording that I realized. These others voices were much fainter, but through audio filtering and enhancement, he was able to clean up the recording so that these fainter voices could also be heard with the naked ear. What he told me was also there, and what I also heard after listening to his filtered and enhanced recording was another voice that said: "I like it in this room" And then the name "Chris" could be heard. Needless to say, at a time when I was probably ready to give up on my interest in trying to communicate with spirits through EVP, the positive feedback of my recording from the 17th further inspired me to continue on with this endeavor. I don't recall exactly how quickly it all came about, but in my recordings following the successful capture on the 17th, I began to capture more voices on my recordings, until before long, I was capturing spirit voices on practically every recording that I made. It seems that I had in fact, caught some attention on the other side of the veil and had finally attuned my ear to being better able to hear these spirit voices. Most of the voices I was hearing at this point were very faint, but if I went back and listened to the recordings a few times, I was usually able to discern most of what I was hearing. Then there would occasionally be much louder and clearer voices coming through. These were usually single words or very short phrases and would often be preceded by a mysterious popping noise known as the precursor, which, it is widely believed, is the sound made when a spirit punches through

into our dimension. Not all of the responses and voices that I was hearing were preceded by this precursor sound, it was usually only heard before a louder response. The spirit voices that I was hearing more and more at this point all seemed harmless and benevolent enough for me not to be concerned about any possible side effect as a result of this. Looking back now after all that has happened since that time, I realize how extremely naive I was. In my mind at the time, I was experiencing something profoundly remarkable and I always felt that there was an impenetrable barrier in a sense between our dimension and theirs. That even if something negative did happen, that I was more or less safe being here in the physical /material world, while they were someplace else. Though I was now able to hear and communicate with these spirits, I always felt that there was a separation between us that would always keep us apart. I had no idea at the time that this was not the way things truly are. I was of course familiar with tales of haunting, possession and other things of a darker nature. But, I suppose, since my experience at this point was so overwhelmingly positive, I did not give much thought to those things. That was not what I was experiencing. I believed that I was experiencing something wonderful. Since I was now capturing spirit voices every time I did an EVP recording, my sessions became pretty much a nightly routine. I began to notice that I was hearing a lot of the same voices on my recordings and they would be present every time I did a recording session. Before long, I was beginning to gather names and some personal detail of the spirits that I was communicating with. I was surprised to discover that several of the spirits that I was communicating with, claimed to be people that I either knew about, or claimed to know people that I knew. One spirit claimed to be

a relation to my next door neighbor, another claimed to be the spirit of a local teenage girl who had been tragically killed in a car accident just a few years prior, which I remembered reading about in the local news paper. In speaking to other people on the paranormal website forums that I was going to, others there recommended that I experiment with using various background sounds while recording to enhance the voices that I was hearing. In a sense, the spirits voices can come through louder, if they have a steady existing sound to use to carry their voices over. I began to play recordings of white noise, rain and ocean sounds while doing my EVP sessions. I did find this to be helpful. With the background noise, some of the fainter voices seemed to be drowned out, but what responses I could hear were coming through much louder than without the background noise. I continued experimenting with various background sounds during my recordings. I also tried to become better acquainted with the spirits that I was communicating with on a daily basis, the ones that appeared to be present during every recording session. For the most part, the content of our conversations during my recording sessions was pretty basic in nature. I was still focusing on how to get their voices to come through more loud and clear so I wasn't asking them about the secrets of the Universe or the afterlife right from the get go. I would basically focus more on trying to learn more about them, asking them questions such as: "where did you live?" "When were you born?" Things along those lines. Being interested in history, I remember asking on one occasion if there were any spirits present who lived in previous centuries. I do recall getting a few responses in the affirmative to this question.

Things continued to remain overwhelmingly positive and exciting for me in these first few weeks after I had successfully made contact with spirits who as far as I could tell at

the time, all seemed to be quite friendly and benevolent and always willing to communicate with me during my recording sessions. I pressed forward with my work and also began to read up on the subject of the afterlife, near death experiences and peoples personal experiences with "the other side", looking to learn more about the subject which as far as my own experience went, was something that had a profound impact upon my own life.

3.

One day in February, when I went back and listened to a recording session that I had just finished, I was caught off guard by what had been up to that point, my first negative response. In the middle of the recoding, after hearing the voices of who I came to refer to as "my regulars" (the spirits that seemed to always be present during my recording secessions) I heard a voice clearly say: "You're a sinner" I was a little stunned by this, it was unlike any of the spirits that I had been communicating with up to this point to say anything like this to me. I figured that perhaps it was just some smart ass passing through and I didn't think much of it. I also began to hear something else now in my recordings. Every once and awhile, I was hearing a voice say "Help Me". I also, didn't know what to make of this at first so I didn't react to it right away but then I kept hearing it more frequently in my recordings. This prompted me to ask during one of my recording sessions: "I keep hearing a voice saying Help Me, is there anything that I can do to help anyone hear".

When I went back and reviewed this recording, I heard back the response: "Pray for us". With this to, I initially didn't know how to respond. I was not a religious person at this time in my life. I had been brought up a Catholic, but had drifted away from the Church when I was a teenager and though I still went to Mass occasionally with a family member or for some event like a baptism, wedding or funeral, I did not really consider myself to be a religious person. If anything, agnostic would probably best describe my spiritual beliefs at this time. As I continued to hear a voice saying "Help Me" in my recordings, I continued to ask what this was about and if there was something that I could do on my end to help anyone. Every time I asked this question, and I must have asked it at least a dozen times, I always heard back this same answer every time: "Pray for Us" I was quite confused by this, but not being of a religious mind at that time, I just did nothing at all. As the weeks went by, I began to notice more negative voices appearing in my recordings. Insults, threats and profanity now seemed to be becoming an addition to every session that I did. However, the kindly benevolent spirits that I had been speaking to these past few weeks were also still present. When I went onto the paranormal online forums that I had been frequenting and asked if anyone else had had experiences of these negative voices in their recordings, I was assured by several people that this was indeed common with those who do EVP recordings. Some members explained to me that basically if someone is an asshole in life, they don't necessarily stop being an asshole when they die and cross over to the other side. I was told that dealing with these "hecklers" was basically just

paying your dues if you were going to continue with this. I was told to just ignore these "hecklers and jokesters" and that if I didn't pay attention to them that they would

eventually get bored and go away. This seemed reasonable to me at the time so I tried to follow that advice as best as I could and simply ignore the negative voices whenever I heard them and instead focus on the benevolent spirits and trying to improve my communication with them. Another thing that I came to realize at this time that even though I had been doing my EVP sessions in the same spare room in my house, the ability to capture these spirit voices on recordings was by no means limited to that one room. On a few occasions, I took my digital recorder with me to my work and other locations and discovered that I was capturing the voices of the same spirits that I had been hearing on my recordings all along. Once I even left my recorder running in my car while I was driving home from work. When I went back and reviewed that recording, sure enough the same spirit voices were there. As the weeks went by, it became harder and harder to simply ignore all of the negative voices that were showing up in my recordings. In fact, it was now getting to a point where the insults and profane negative voices were starting to dominate. Then something completely unexpected happened. One day while I was at my work, washing my hands in the bathroom, which had a rather loud fan that was wired into the light switch so that it went on whenever you turned on the light, I began hearing voices coming through and over the noise of the fan. These voices were not the "good ones" either; they were the heckler kind that had been coming to dominate my recording sessions. I was shocked and surprised by this to say the least. I was confused about how this was possible. I figured that as I have been trying by various means over the course of the past few weeks, to

hear these spirits voices more clearly, that I had in a sense attuned myself to hearing them and now it had gotten to the point where I could hear them outside of my recordings. Something else that was troubling to me also occurred about this time. One day while I was at work, I received a phone call. When I picked up the phone and said hello, etc... all I could hear on the other end was what sounded like a room full of people all talking at once, having conversations with each other. I repeatedly said "Hello" several times, but there was no reply, just voices in the background, many of them. I figured it was a wrong number so I hung up the phone. In a recording session that I did within a couple of days of this seemingly insignificant incident, I heard a voice say: "We called you." Once again, I was stunned and now somewhat panicked by this recent turn of events. Now it seemed that I could not only at times, hear these spirit voices outside of my recordings with the naked ear, but that they also had the ability to reach out to me via telephone. As troubling as I found this to be, I continued with my recordings sessions for little while longer. By this point, what I was hearing in my recordings was overwhelmingly negative. Threats, insults, etc.... it seemed as if the hecklers now had taken over everything and after a few more incidents of hearing these voices outside of my recording sessions, through various background noises, I decided to call it quits. I did one last recording session which I intended to be directed to the kind, benevolent spirits that I had originally made contact with. At this time, I believed that I was dealing with two very separate groups here, the kind ones and the hecklers. In fact, there was an occasion where I asked the kind spirits who these negative spirits were and how I should deal with them. From the replies I got, it didn't seem that the benevolent

spirits were even aware of the hecklers. I figured that this was perhaps indeed possible. Perhaps they were on two entirely different levels of the spirit world where one group

would not be aware of the other. In my last recording session, I explained what was going on with these hecklers and humbly admitted that I had gotten into something here that was completely beyond my understanding and was in fact over my head. I heard back several responses from who I then thought to be the benevolent spirits saying such things as: "It's ok Brian" "It's alright. In my mind, that was that. I was finished with EVP and spirit communication in general. Whatever there is to it I thought to myself, it just wasn't for me so I just wanted to put it behind me and move on. Unfortunately this is not how things would play out over the course of the next several months.

4.

One morning in early March, I came into work and noticed that there was a voice mail on our answering machine. When I played the message, I heard a distorted yet clearly audible voice saying "We're coming for you." I knew right away that it was from "them", the hecklers. Even though I had given up on my EVP recordings, they were not going to let it go at that. In the weeks that followed my walking away from doing recordings, there were more incidents of me hearing these harassing voices through various background noises. I heard them through the engine noise of my car while driving on a few occasions. I heard them through the sound of running water, such as a running faucet. I heard them occasionally through the subtle humming of my computer.

The voices were always the same in nature, they were indeed the hecklers. They would continuously spew out insults, threats and other nonsense with the intention I can only assume to cause me as much emotional distress as they possibly could. And distressed is what this whole situation was causing me to be. I knew from the moment that I first started hearing these voices with the naked ear, that it was these spirits. I didn't understand what was happening to me, but I was certain that it was them. I was not just imagining things. I had captured too much evidence on my recordings and had shared them with others who had also heard what I was hearing on them. I'm not sure if at the time, if I would have preferred to think that this was just all in my head, but I never doubted for a moment that what I was hearing was real. In fact, these spirits seemed to want to press the point that what was happening was very real and that they were the ones behind it. I would often hear them say: "This is really happening". As disturbing as this was all becoming for me, it had not yet reached a point where I found it too much to deal with because at this point, it was just isolated incidents, here and there. I was not hearing them on a constant and continuous basis. However, to my dismay to say the least, hearing them was becoming a more frequent occurrence. Going back to the point where I had first begun to hear these "heckler" voices on my EVP recordings, there was one voice in particular that seemed to stand out from all the rest. It was a voice that I can only describe as being that of a particularly mean spirited teenage girl. She seemed to be always present whenever I would hear these heckler voices coming through various background sounds. She wasn't the only voice I heard. It was hard to gauge just how many there were on any given occasion, but hers seemed to frequently stand out above the others.

Things progressively got worse for me for a number of weeks until it got to the point that I was hearing these malicious voices on several occasions throughout the day. One

afternoon, just before I was about to leave work, I received a phone call. On the other line was a male voice that asked if we were hiring. I told this gentleman that we were not hiring at this time, but then he began to get a bit obnoxious with me. I assumed from his tone that this was probably just a prank call. I went along with it just in case I was wrong. Then in the background, I heard a familiar voice. It was the voice of that teenage girl that I had heard first on my EVP recordings and that I had also been hearing recently through background sounds. There was no mistaking it, at that point, after being harassed by this voice to such a degree, I would know it anywhere, it was the same voice. The call quickly deteriorated into a nonsensical situation, with the male voice uttering profanity at me, so I abruptly hung up the phone. I was certain right away that it was these harassing spirits, that they had called me once again, but this time I was amazed at how clearly I could hear their voices. There was no distortion at all this time; I could hear them as clear as if it were a regular phone call. In fact, the thought that it was these heckler spirits didn't even occur to me until I heard that same young female voice that I had been hearing so much recently. This latest occurrence only served to reinforce to me, that these particular spirits had more abilities than I had ever considered and they seemed to be determined to make my life a living hell as much as possible. The situation was becoming worst by the day. I was hearing these voices everyday now more and more. At this point it was clear to me that I had crossed paths with what I can only describe as "evil spirits". In my mind, I feared the worst and began to ponder the possibility that these

malicious voices were in fact from demons, or some other type of entity of that sort. Though I was not very religious minded at the time that I was actively doing my EVP work, I began to ponder at this point the big questions. Was this in fact religious in nature? Had I been simply sitting on the fence by taking an agnostic approach to religion and spirituality? These thoughts and questions now began to fill my mind. At this time I began to go to Church again. I prayed incessantly for this situation to end. I also began to hang religious imagery around my house in the hope that it would drive away these malevolent spirits. I also, at this time, remembered what the spirits had told me about wanting me to pray for them. That was before the hecklers appeared and came to dominate my recording sessions. At this point, I still believed that the original "good spirits" that I was speaking to in the beginning were an entirely different group from the malicious hecklers that appeared later. I began to wonder what they meant by "pray for us". In my mind I came to believe that had something to do with Purgatory. Perhaps these "good spirits" that I had come into contact with were souls in Purgatory, So in my nightly prayers, I began to include prayers for these spirits, even sometimes mentioning by name. After a little while, something strange started to happen when I was saying my nightly prayers. As I was praying, I began to feel strange sensations on my body. It is difficult to put into words, but it was almost as if small objects landed on my body, I could feel them moving along my back, arms and legs. I have to admit, I should have been more startled by this than I was, but I suppose that with all of the strange things that had been occurring in my life recently, this was just one more thing to add to the list. I had no idea what to make of this, I figured that it was probably

these malevolent spirits trying to distract me while I was praying. So I was determined not to let them bother me, and I kept on praying everyday for this situation to end and

also for the souls in Purgatory, especially those who I believed had asked me personally to pray for them. Then every morning, I would hear voices through various background sounds saying "Thank you". In the state of mind I was in at the time, I assumed that this was "the good spirits" in Purgatory thanking me for my prayers. I did notice however, that the physical sensations were getting worse each time I prayed for the souls in Purgatory. Then, in conjunction with the voices that were saying "Thank you", I also began to hear voices that said "Don't pray for us". Again, in the state of mind I was in, I took this to be more deception and trickery from the malevolent spirits so I kept on praying. Before long however, the disturbing physical sensations that I was feeling every time I prayed had gotten to a point where I became extremely distressed and panicked, so I decided to stop. However, stopping my praying for the souls in Purgatory did not put an end to the bizarre physical sensations, in fact things quickly escalated. As I lay in bed at night, trying to doze off to sleep, I began to notice what I can only describe as the feeling of a finger coming up through the mattress and poking me in the lower back. I was more than a little freaked out about this to say the least. I would jump out of bed cursing up a storm and then as soon as I lay back down, the poking sensation would start right back up again. To say the least, this began to affect my sleep routine. It basically forced me to start using sleep aids (sleeping pills) just so I could be able to doze off quickly and get a decent night of sleep. About a week after the poking sensation in my lower back started, I then began to feel another strange sensation every time I would lay down, or even sit down on a couch to read a book or watch

TV. This time I felt a strange vibration sensation in my body. It would start at one location and then slowly move around. It was clear to me at this point that I was in a very bad situation. Hearing voices outside of my recordings was bad enough, as well as the phone calls, but now knowing that these entities can affect me physically sent me into a panic.

5.

Looking back now all these months later, I can't remember the exact date or what day of the week it was other than it must have been sometime in mid-March. Over the course of a single day, my situation went from bad to extremely off the charts bad. I was at work, it was in the morning, probably between 10-11am. All of a sudden, I began to hear voices all around me as if I was surrounded by a room full of people all talking to me at once. It was the malevolent voices, spewing their insults and the like. The situation suddenly became more than I was able to deal with. I couldn't concentrate at all and do the task that my job required such as talk to customers both face to face and on the phone. I told my boss that I wasn't feeling well, and since I don't usually call out of work very often, he let me go home for the day without any hassle. I remember the voices were terrible on my drive home and were no better once I arrived at my house. I spent the rest of that day and most of that night laying in bed in a vegetative state, staring at the walls and ceiling thinking that I was either about to completely lose my mind or that I was going to die. Aside from the terrible cacophony of voices that I was hearing, I was also hearing at times a very high pitch ringing in my left ear. It was almost

as if I was hearing my mind fragment and crack into pieces. The physical sensations had also now

become much more intense. As I lie in bed, I felt a stinging sensation on my side, as if I were being bitten. The previous sensations that I had been feeling such as the jabs in my lower back and the vibration sensations were distressing enough, but now these malicious invisible entities were now causing me to feel pain in my body. I called out of work for several days following this escalation of my torments. There was nothing I could do to make this stop. I tried to distract myself from the situation by doing various chores around the house, but the voices and the sensations were so intense that I couldn't concentrate on anything it seemed. I would just lay in bed all day suffering or be out on my back porch smoking cigarettes one after another continuously. During this time, I was too emotionally a mess to have much of an appetite. I was barely eating, and when I did, it was just enough to make the hunger pains go away, I just wasn't able to eat a full meal. I also was unable to sleep, even with the help of over the counter sleeping pills. On average during these first few weeks after "the shit hit the fan", I was probably only getting on average about 4 hours of sleep a night. Some nights I wouldn't get any sleep at all. Nightly I would take 4-5 store bought sleeping pills, but they just didn't seem to have much of an effect. I noticed that a lot of the voices I was hearing seemed to be coming from the room directly above me, which was the spare bedroom where I had done most of my EVP recordings. But they were not confined to that room by any means. Some voices seemed to be coming from right beside me. They would say things such as: "You shouldn't have prayed for us" "You prayed for the wrong people" "You piece of shit" "You shouldn't have prayed for people who didn't want your prayers" "this is really happening"

And there was much more that I fortunately cannot remember. One night, as I lay in bed I remember hearing a bizarre high pitch buzzing sound that seemed to be coming from right beside me. It lasted for quite awhile and I have no doubt that its intent was to further deprive me of getting any restful sleep. Several days passed by like this where I was either in bed awake all day and most of the night staring at the ceiling or I was outside incessantly smoking cigarettes. Often being outdoors seemed to make the voices worse. If there was even a light breeze, the sound of the wind rustling through the nearby trees seemed to have the effect of multiplying the voices. There were several occasion like this when I would be outdoors and it would seem like I was being harassed by thousands of voices all at once. It was as if an entire football stadium filled with people where shouting insults at me. There was also a strange effect with some of the voices seeming to originate from very close if not right beside me, and some seeming to be coming from off in the distance, but I could still hear them just as plainly as the ones that seemed to be closest. As if the voices and the physical sensations weren't horrible enough. One evening as I sat in a chair drinking a cup of coffee staring out a window; I felt a sensation like something had attached itself to the side of my body. As I sat there and stared outside, my eyes became focused on a nearby streetlight. I began to notice that it suddenly became much brighter than normal and appeared to be slowly moving towards me. As it came closer and closer, it began to take on the form of a winged angel. It seemed to be wearing a suit of armor and holding a shield much like the common depictions of St. Michael the Archangel. I could clearly

see the outline of this angel glowing radiantly as it seemed to be descending towards me very slowly. I then heard the sound of people running

down my stairs even though I was alone in my house at the time. I must admit that I thought that this was my final moment. I began to prey incessantly, thinking that my death and final judgment were just moments away. The angel descended closer and closer until I finally decided to go outside and meet whatever fate awaited me. I stepped outside and looked up to where I had seen this angel coming towards me but it was now gone. The vision of the angel had disappeared but coming from off in the distance, I heard the familiar "stadium effect" of voices. On this occasion, there seemed to be two separate groups speaking in a bizarre unison. From what I remember, it seemed to be, or at least it was portrayed to be one group promoting me, and one group condemning me. Perhaps I was facing my judgment this night after all.

6.

That night as I lay in my bed, unable to sleep (which was the normal situation now) I had an uneasy feeling that something was about to occur. Once again I felt the strange sensation that I had felt earlier, just before I had had the vision of the angel. It was the feeling of something attaching itself to the side of my body. Suddenly the voices changed over from their usual barrage of incessant insults and derogatory remarks to a bizarre yet strangely melodic song. The room was dark for the most part, but the bedroom door was open and some degree of light came in from down the hallway from a lamp that I had left on in the next room. This is where the song seemed to be originating from. As I looked over towards the bedroom door I noticed that it seemed to now be encompassed by some strange moving wiggly lines. From out of those lines appeared the form of a man who seemed to be suspended on the door almost as if

he were hanging on a coat hook. I recall that he appeared to resemble the look of a scare crow but in dark attire. The strange song that I was hearing also seemed to be centered around two opposing groups, one trying to speak up for me, the others, denouncing me. Directly across from my bed was a dresser with a large mirror. From within the mirror I saw the image of an enormous female head slowly rotating in a circle. Then I saw a large bearded older looking man floating out of the mirror and hovering on the ceiling above me. On both side of the mirror were small lamps that suddenly seemed to spring to life. Female faces seemed to suddenly appear on them from out of nowhere as well as arms and hands. Within their hands they held playing cards and they proceed to play a card came upon the surface of my dresser. The outline of a human face then suddenly appeared in the bedspread that I had pulled over me. The mouth seemed to come alive is if it were breathing. Then suddenly from the door way, a short transparent human form with no discernible features other than the outline of its body entered the bedroom , moved towards me then disappeared as it was about to reach my bed. Suddenly a deep commanding voice spoke out that I should prepare myself to be taken to Heaven. I saw a bright blue light appear on the ceiling directly above me and I expected at any moment to be lifted up into this wondrous blue illumination. Suddenly the blue light disappeared and I was told that for such and such a sin that I don't recall exactly, I was now going to be taken to Hell. This turned into a

back and forth game where one minute the commanding voices would proclaim that I was going to go directly to Heaven, then the next minute for some reason that he revealed to me, I was going to be taken to Hell. Then it got to where the voices proclaimed that if I went to a particular room in the house, all my family and friends who were deceased would

be waiting for me there to guide me to Heaven. But as soon as I went to that particular room, the voice would once again change its tune and state that I was going to Hell. For quite some time that evening, I was going back and forth, room to room at the command of this overbearing voice. At times I was also told to kneel and recite a particular prayer. Unfortunately I was always told to recite a prayer that I did not have perfectly memorized and I was criticized by the voice for not knowing my prayers. Once more, in one of the upstairs rooms, I saw the same transparent, yet featureless outlines of a human form, this time three of them, move slowly towards me then disappear as they were about to reach me. I was then told to go out into my back yard and from there for real this time, I would be taken to Heaven. When I got outside, in the glow of nearby street lights I noticed the dark figure of a man. Once again, no particular features were discernible, just the solid pitch black form of a man about 6 ft tall standing motionless about 25 ft away from me. Then from a distance of about a hundred yards, I suddenly saw about a dozen or more brightly illuminated yet transparent forms of people dressed in old fashion clothing, the styles commonly worn in the Victorian Era. The same deep commanding voice spoke to me again saying that these were the grateful spirits of souls in Purgatory that I had freed with my prayers and that if I went to them that they would take me to Heaven. I proceeded to walk towards them but then for the first time during this entire episode, a sense of caution came over me and I paused, then turned around and walked back towards my house. When I reached my back door, I turned back and looked and now more luminous apparitions were visible. The voice spoke out again saying that these were these were the spirits of my ancestors and that I should go to them. I put caution aside and once again set out

towards them. When I came to within about 25 ft of them they suddenly vanished. I turned around and started to walk back to the house. Suddenly I heard the "stadium effect" of voices again. This time, they proclaimed that I had been through enough for one night and that they would finally, after all of these weeks of hellish torment, leave me alone for the rest of the night and let me get a full night of sleep. Looking back now, I realize how foolish I was to ever believe anything they told me, but for some reason, perhaps I was just overwhelmed by all that had happened to me this night, I believed them. I crawled back into bed and tried to doze off to sleep though I couldn't help replaying the night's bizarre events over and over in my mind. Things finally seemed to be quiet and peaceful for at least about 15 to 20 minutes, then the voices returned. They proclaimed that I was supposed to go to sleep and that they did not appreciate me continuing to "think about it". So once more, the room was filled by their obnoxious tormenting voices. Once again strange visions appeared in the mirror in front of me. This time horrific demonic looking faces appeared in the mirror, one after another, encompassed by a strange reddish glow. Also there appeared, suspended in mid air off to the left corner of the room, the luminous and detailed apparition of a beautiful dark haired woman who seemed by her clothing to be from the time period of Ancient Greece

or Ancient Rome, commencing with what I can only describe as a rather suggestive dance right in front of me. This went on for about 15 to 20 more minutes and then all of a sudden all of the apparitions disappeared and the room became pitch black except for a bit of moon light that now shined through the bedroom window. Sleep finally over took me and I ended up getting a decent night of rest after all. Looking back now all these months later, it's easy to write off these strange visions as possibly

being brought about by both my lack of sleep and my lack of a decent diet. However, as best as I can recall the events of that night and all the strange things that I saw, I must admit, that I do remember having a very alert and clear head about me. One thing that I observed was that each time before I experienced these intense visions, I would feel that strange physical sensation of something attaching itself to me. I am only left to draw the conclusion that that did possibly play a role in what I was experiencing and perhaps it was how these entities caused me to see the things that I saw that night. But once more, as with so much regarding this whole ordeal that I found myself in, I am left with no absolute certainty other than that I am dealing with forces that are beyond the scope of the physical realm.

7.

One of the worst aspects the ordeal that I found myself in, was the overall constant presence of these malicious entities. They were always present, practically every moment that I was awake. Once and awhile, if I was lucky I might get a full minute of peace right after I would first awaken from sleep without hearing them, but that was it. Other than that there was never a moment practically in these first few weeks of this escalated attack that I in some way or another did not feel their presence around me, either by hearing them or feeling the physical sensations. The physical sensations themselves also became more constant. Earlier, I was just feeling them when I was laying or sitting down. Now I also began to feel them at other times of the day, even when I was in motion (walking, etc...). Typically these sensations would be of the strange vibration sort. However there were occasions (and in fact, there still are even to this day) when I literally can feel "something" clinging

to my back. But fortunately at least, at around this time, the jabbing and biting sensations had stopped completely for some reason unknown to me. It also became obvious that these entities could hear and see my thoughts. I made this discovery one afternoon, as I lay in bed in the middle of the day, just staring at the ceiling enduring the abuses that they were leveling at me. Suddenly they began to comment on thoughts that were going through my mind, both things I was saying to myself and images that I was thinking about. I personally found this to be almost unbearable and it has been one of the hardest things to deal with during this entire ordeal. Controlling your words and actions are one thing, controlling your thoughts is quite another. If you try to tell yourself not to think about something, there's a good chance that you will anyway. I found that it was like the flood gates had been opened and my mind was filled with all sorts of bizarre and sometimes very dark thoughts. The negative spirits even have a name for it, or so they told me, they call it "breaking your spirit" and they would often mock me by saying "we've broken your spirit" or "your spirit is broken." I have only found this aspect

of thought/mind intrusion to become more bearable with the passage of time. Eventually I just came to except that this is an unfortunate part of a very unfortunate situation. I still struggle with this, but I've better learned how to brush off these stray and unwanted thoughts. In the first few weeks of my attack, these spirits would actually tell me that the only way for me to get this to end was to stop thinking about it. This I tried to do but found it impossible not to think about what was happening to me. This is also just another one of their tactics, for I'm certain that they knew that I would fail in this

attempt and it would give them more "of a reason" to continue to torment me. In fact, this is essentially how they have operated with me. They would always come up with some theme or storyline on which to base their reasons for tormenting me. Initially they kept saying it was because I had prayed for them and that I should never have prayed for people "who didn't want" my prayers. They kept up with this theme for awhile and then started up on that they were doing this to me because of the fact that I was unable to focus my mind and thoughts. They accused me of thinking too much about other worldly things and not focusing enough on as they said "what I wanted to do with my life." The way out they offered to me with this of course, was to completely disregard the fact that I was being oppressed by supernatural forces. This I simply found impossible to accomplish. Then a little while later, they switched over to a more religious storyline with me. They were trying to convince me (and with some success at the time) that I was the center of a significant "incident" on the other side of the veil. They had me believing that there were angels and "beautiful spirits" as they would say, praying for me but that I was failing them because of my sinfulness. I would often hear them saying something along the lines of "Beautiful spirits were praying for you, but you're a sinful person." They would constantly try and assure me of my own evilness. They would even bring up things from my past that I was not very proud of and use them as a further means to harass me and convince me of my evil nature. This storyline went on for quite awhile. They would also add to this by trying to convince me that Lucifer was living within my body. Back when I was doing my EVP recordings, and I thought I was getting to know these regular

spirits who seemed to show up at each session by asking them their names, where they were from, when were they born, when did they cross over, etc...among other names that I heard, on several occasions, I had heard the name Lucy. I just assumed that Lucy was one of the benevolent spirits that I was making contact with. Once things became horribly out of control for me, these spirits all of a sudden, revealed to me that Lucy was in fact, none other than Lucifer and that Lucifer was "living in my head". I personally think that they went too far with this particular charade for I never really believed for a moment that Lucifer was inhabiting my body. This went on for quite awhile then switched over to "There are spirits living in your head" or "There are human spirits living in your head." I must admit that they had me believing this one for awhile. It seemed plausible in a way since I could feel the physical sensations that they were causing me to experience throughout my body. After the religious theme seemed to subside, these entities went after my character and how I was living my life. Suddenly I began to hear "You're a useless person" "You're not doing anything important with your life." "You're not doing anything important enough to justify your existence" and other things along those lines. At this point they were telling me that I had to make drastic changes in my

life in order for me to be freed from their harassment. They were trying to convince me that my life, as it currently stood, was not good enough, they said I needed to be a more "useful person" and that I needed to make "reparations" for the sinful life that I had been living. This too I must admit had a profound effect on me and I spent many days and nights distressed and thinking about what I could do to be a more "useful" person and finally end this terrible nightmare. Looking back at the situation now, it

is apparent to me that they were simply trying to be the puppet masters of me and gain some form of amusement for themselves as they would have me stressing out over what I could do to make myself worthy of their judgments. They used this storyline with me for quite awhile and in fact still do to some degree today but now I believe that they have finally come clean and revealed their true motivations (or at least revealed something closer to the truth).

luckily as time goes on, the intensity of the voices seems to die down, or we adapt to it naturally.....I still have bad days though when they are stronger.....but nothing like those first few weeks.....that was a sort of Hellish experience

so it's important to know even though it's terrible in the beginning stages....it DOES NOT STAY THAT WAY, I think our "spiritual body" starts to develop an immunity to these attacks thrown at us, for me it took a few months , and I still hear them now, but MUCH MUCH FAINTER.....it all just kind of reduces off over time if you stay strong....think of it like an illness our physical bodies have no immunity to, it knocks us on our feet, but we slowly start to develop an immunity over time, same with this situation....it does not stay as terrible as it is in the beginning.....ignoring it is the best way to speed that along, I know how hard it is, but to it can be done to a significant degree....the first step is...DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING YOUR HEARjust disregard it, this is a major step in getting back to a state of normalcy...DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING.....it effects you more if you buy into what you're hearingjust disregard all of it, and the voices start to have less and less of a hold over you

the voices were once terrifying for me...I was crippled with fear and anxiety....now a year later.....they are more just an annoyance and nothing more
